

MISCELLANY.

A Lullaby.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Mother's watch is keeping;
Sleep, baby, sleep,
Softly, softly fall to rest;
Moonbeams tender round us gleaming,
Whisper that "Ye time for dreaming."
Hush, my dear, the world is sleeping;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro
Off to slumberland we go;
Where the fairies' magic
Echoes sweetly all night long;
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to slumberland we go;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Dreamland vapors are rising;
Gently, gently flow the streams;
Sweetly, sweetly bright stars gleam;
Silver dews are softly falling;
Dreamland spirit, hush, calling;
Visions sweep to thee they're bringing;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro
Off to slumberland we go;
Down the stream we're floating now,
Mother's kisses on thy brow,
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to slumberland we go;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Sweet, sweet, my eyes now closing;
Smiling, smiling, in thy sleep;
At the fairies' secrets deep;
Golden curls in wavy ripples;
Who then now with visions leaping;
Naught shall harm thy sweet repose;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to slumberland we go;
Listening to the fairies' song
Floating round us all night long;
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to slumberland we go;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

—Good Housekeeping.

A NIGHT ENCOUNTER.

A few years ago, in late summer, I was camping with a comrade, on the Little Squatook lake—known to the hunters and trappers of that region as Second lake. On the high plateau of the Squatooks, dividing northern New Brunswick from Quebec, the noons are temperate and the nights chilly, even during the most ferocious of the dog days.

One radiant moonlight night, when the windless little lake spread out before our camp like a shield of silver, and the woody mountains inclosing us seemed to hold their breath for delight, I was seized with an overwhelming impulse to launch the canoe and pole myself up the swift current of the river to the spacious waters of First, or Big Squatook, lake. This lake is two miles long and from two to four in breadth, and I was eager to paddle noiselessly out upon its wide, gleaming expanse. The distance between the two lakes is about a mile and a half, with rapid water almost all the way; and my fellow-camper, who had been amusing himself laboriously all day, was too much in love with his pipe and blankets by the camp-fire to think of accompanying me. All my persuasions were wasted upon him, so I went alone.

Of course I had an excuse. I wanted to set night-lines for the great gray trout, or togue, which haunt the waters of Big Squatook lake. A favorite feeding-ground of these fish is just where the water begins to shoal toward the lake's outlet. Strange as it may seem, the togue are never taken in Second lake, or in any other of the Squatook chain.

It was a weirdly beautiful journey up stream. The narrow river, full of rapids, but so free from rocks in this part of its course that its voice seldom rises above a loud, purring whisper, was overhung by many ancient trees. Through the spaces between their tops fell the moonlight in sharp white patches. As the long, slow thrush of my pole forced the canoe stealthily upward against the current, the creeping panorama of the banks seemed full of elfish and noiseless life. White trunks slipped into shadow, and black stumps caught gleams of sudden radiance, till the strangeness of it all began to impress me more than its beauty, and I felt a curious and growing sense of danger. I even cast a longing thought backward toward the camp-fire's cheer and my lazier comrade; and at length when, slipping out upon the open bosom of the lake, I put aside my pole and grasped my paddle, I drew a breath of distinct relief.

It took but a few minutes to place my three night lines. This done, I paddled with slow strokes toward a big rock far out in the lake. The broad surface was as unrippled as a mirror, save where my paddle and the gliding pond disturbed it. When I floated motionless, and the canoe drifted softly beyond the petty turmoil of the rapids, it seemed as if I were hanging suspended in the centre of a blue and starry sphere. The magic of the water so persuaded me that presently I hauled up my canoe on the rock, took off my clothes, and swam far out into the liquid stillness. The water was cold, but of a life-giving freshness, and when I had dressed and resumed my paddle I felt full of spirit for the wild dash home to camp, through the purring rapids and the spectral woods. Little did I dream just how wild that dash was to be!

Where the river flows out of Big Squatook lake the shores draw together like the sides of a funnel, and there are no rocks to impede, and the strong, swift current as level as the sandy floor beneath it. Just at the neck of the funnel, so to speak, the Indians had built a sort of fence of upright stakes, set close together in a double row. This fence at one time extended all the way across save for a narrow gateway in the middle, where the Indians were accustomed to stand at certain seasons and spear the whitefish as they darted through. At the time of my visit, however, the barrier extended only to mid-channel, one half having been carried away, probably by logs, in the spring freshets. For this accident, doubtless very annoying to the Indians, I soon had every reason to be grateful.

As I paddled noiselessly into the funnel, and began to feel that current gathering speed beneath me, and noted again the confused, mysterious glimmer and gloom of the forest into which I was drifting, I once more felt that unwelcome sense of danger stealing over me. With a word of vexation I shook it off, and began to paddle fiercely. At the same instant, my eyes, grown keen and alert, detected something strange about the bit of Indian fence which I was presently to pass. It was surely very high and massive in its outer section! I stayed my paddle, yet kept slipping quickly nearer. Then suddenly I arrested my progress with a few mighty backward strokes. Lying crouched flat along the tops of the stakes, its head low down, its eyes fixed upon me, was a huge panther.

I was completely at a loss, and for a minute or two remained just where I was, backing water to resist the current, and trying to decide what was best to be done. As long as I kept to the open water, of course, I was quite safe; but I did not relish the idea of spending the night on the lake. I knew enough of the habits and characteristics of the panther to be aware the brute would keep his eye on me as long as I remained alone. But what I didn't know was how far a panther could jump. Could I safely paddle past that fence, by hugging the further shore? I felt little inclined to test the question practically; so I turned about and paddled out upon the lake.

Then I drifted and shouted songs and stirred up the echoes, for a good round hour. I hoped, rather faintly, that the panther would follow me up the shore. This, in truth, he may have done; but when I paddled back to the outlet, there he was awaiting me in exactly the same position as when I first discovered him. By this time I had persuaded myself that there was ample room for me to pass the barrier without coming in range of the animal's spring. I knew that close to the further shore the water was deep. When I was about thirty yards from the stakes, I put on speed, heading for just about the middle of the opening. My purpose was to let the panther fancy that I was coming within his range, and to change my course at the last moment so suddenly that he would not have time to alter his plan of attack. It is quite possible that this carefully planned scheme was unnecessary, and that I rated the brute's intelligence and forethought quite too high. But whatever that may be, I thought it safer not to take any risks with a cunning adversary.

The panther lay in the sharp black shadow of an overhanging maple, so that it was impossible for me to note his movements accurately; but just as an instinct warned me that he was about to spring, I swerved smartly toward him, and hurled the light canoe forward with the mightiest strokes I was capable of. The monster was well executed for just before I came fairly opposite the grim figure on the stake tops, the panther sprang.

Instinctively I threw myself forward, level with the cross-bars; and in the same breath there came a snarl and a splash close beside me. The brute had miscalculated my speed, and got himself a ducking. I checked a little as I straightened up, but the sight of relief which I drew at the same time was profound in its sincerity. I had lamentably underestimated the reach of the panther's spring. He had alighted close to the water's edge, just where I imagined the canoe would be out of reach. I looked around again. He was climbing alertly out of the hated bank. Calling to my comrade in the night, he started after me down along the bank, uttering a series of harsh and piercing screams. With a sweep of the paddle I darted across current, and placed almost the full breadth of the river between my wild enemy and myself.

I have paddled many a canoe race, but never one that my heart was so set upon winning as this strange one in which I now found myself straining every nerve.

The current of the Squatook varies greatly in speed, though nowhere is it otherwise than brisk. At first I gained rapidly on my pursuer; but presently we reached a spot where the banks were comparatively level and open; and here the panther caught up and kept abreast of me with ease. With a sudden sinking of the heart I called to mind a narrow gorge, a quarter of a mile ahead, from the sides of which several drooping trunks hung over the water. From one of these, I thought, the panther might easily reach me, running out and dropping into the canoe as I darted beneath. The idea was a blood-curdling one, and spurred me to more desperate effort; but before we reached the perilous pass the banks grew so uneven and the underbrush so dense that my pursuer was much delayed, and consequently fell behind. The current quickening its speed at the same time, I was a good ten yards in the lead as my canoe slid through the gorge and out into the white moonlight of the wider river beyond the stream.

Here I slackened my pace, in order to recover my wind; and the panther made up his lost ground. For the time, I was out of his reach, and all he could do was to scream savagely. This, I supposed, was to summon his mate to the noble hunting he had provided for her; but to my inexpressible satisfaction, no mate came. The beauty and the wildness of the moonlight woods were now quite lost upon me. I saw only that long, fierce, lightning-bounding figure which so inexorably kept pace with me.

To save my powers for some possible emergency, I resolved to content myself, for the time, with a very moderate degree of haste. The obstructed shores and the increasing current forced me, so that he found it hard to shake me off. For the next half mile I just managed to keep up with him. Then came another of those quieter reaches, and my pursuer slackened last got out of sight.

Again I passed, not only to take breath, but to try and discover the brute's purpose in leaving me. All at once I flashed into my mind. Just before the river widens into Second lake, there occurs a lively and somewhat broken rapid. As there was moonlight, and I knew the channels well, I had no dread of this rapid till suddenly I remembered three large boulders crossing the stream like stepping-stones. It was plain to me that this was the point my adversary was anxious to reach ahead of me. These boulders were so placed that he could easily spring from one to the other dry-shod, and his chance of intercepting me would be excellent. I almost lost courage. The best thing I could do under the circumstances was to save my strength to the utmost, so for a time I did little more than steer the canoe. When, at last, I rounded a turn and saw just ahead of me the white, thin-crested singing ripples of the rapid, I was not at all surprised to see also the panther, crouched on one of the rocks in mid-stream.

At this point the river was somewhat spread out, and the banks were low, so the moonlight showed me the channel quite clearly. I laid aside my paddle and took up the more trusty white spruce pole. With it I "snubbed" the light canoe firmly, letting her drop down the slope inch by inch, while I took a cool and thorough survey of the ripples and cross-currents.

From the sloping shoulder of the rock lying nearest to the left-hand bank a strong cross-current took a slant sharply over toward the middle channel. I decided to stake my fate on the assistance of this cross-current. Gradually I snubbed the canoe over to the left bank, and then gave her head. The shores slipped past. The rocks, with that crouching sentinel on the centre one, seemed to glide up-stream to meet me. I was almost in the passage—when with a superb bound the panther shot through the moonlight and lit upon the rock I was approaching! As he poised himself, gaining his balance with some difficulty on the narrow foothold, a strong lunge with my pole twisted the canoe into the swirl of the cross-current, and with the next thrust I slid like lightning down the middle channel, before my adversary had more than got himself fairly turned around! With a shout of exultation I raced down the rest of the incline and into widening reaches, safe from pursuit. The panther, screaming angrily, followed me for a time; but soon the receding shores placed such a distance between us that I ceased to regard him. Presently I bade him a final farewell and headed across the lake, for the spot where the camp-fire was waving me a ruddy welcome.—St. Nicholas.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who used them prove this fact. Try them.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Storm of Friday.

It Extended Over a Wide Area and Caused Great Loss of Life on the Great Lakes.

The storm of Friday night swept over a wide area. Its force was felt from the Gulf along the Atlantic coast to Maine, and reached westward as far as Michigan. The storm played havoc in Baltimore. Warehouses were flooded and the water was so deep in some of the streets that boats had to be used. In Philadelphia and Washington buildings were unroofed and trees uprooted. Much damage was done to shipping, many small vessels dashed to pieces by the force of the gale.

The storm was very severe on the great lakes and great loss of life is reported. The steamer Dean Richmond, from Toledo to Buffalo, went to the bottom and only one sailor reached shore alive. He was found near Dunkirk, N. Y. There were 19 in the crew, in addition to the captain, his wife and three children. The schooner Minnehaha of Cleveland, Capt. William Packer, with a cargo of corn, was wrecked near Manitowish, Mich., and of the seven persons on board the captain was the only one who escaped. The barge Wocoken foundered near Port Rowan, Ont., and three persons on board were saved while 14 others were lost. Many other smaller casualties are reported and the loss to shipping on the lake is enormous.

At Magnolia Beach, S. C., the tide rose four feet in a few moments and 13 white and six colored persons were drowned there. Three boys were killed in the collapse of a railroad shed in Buffalo and fatal accidents are reported in several other places.

Secured \$200,000 in Boston

And \$300,000 in Other Cities on False Pretences.

The Boston Herald says that an indictment warrant is in the hands of the police for the arrest of George B. White, who until recently has represented the large Pennsylvania firm of Williams, White & Co., in that city. Mr. White is accused of obtaining money under false pretences from a dozen Boston banks, the claim being made that he secured about \$200,000. It is also alleged that New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh institutions are out about \$300,000 on account of his peculiar commercial transactions in Pennsylvania. Mr. White covered his transactions with many complications. At one time he said his concern had assets of about \$1,250,000, with liabilities of less than \$500,000. All that has been found thus far, however, would not make a check of the firm good for \$100,000, and that is covered about four times over by debts. The exact amount of the indebtedness cannot be ascertained. It is probable that about \$480,000 is the net amount due the banks. Of the Boston banks only one has good security. The others have a few water and electric company stocks, but they are regarded by financiers as practically valueless. White is supposed to be in Pennsylvania.

Another Railroad Horror.

A Dozen People Killed and 20 Injured in a Collision at Jackson, Mich.

Two excursion trains on the Michigan Central railway came in collision at the station at Jackson, Mich., Friday. Twelve people were killed and 20 seriously injured, five not being expected to recover. An excursion train from the East was standing at the station when another excursion train pulled in. The engineer lost control of his air brake and could not stop his train, and it rushed at the rate of 40 miles an hour into the train ahead, plowing under it and throwing the cars in all directions. Nine cars were demolished and the locomotive smashed to pieces. Two cars were thrown across the track. One car was driven completely through another, and others were turned entirely over. Thousands of persons were aboard the two trains, and they were wedged in all ways. Some of the cars were not badly enough wrecked to kill any of the people on board of them, though it is remarkable that any one escaped without injury. This is the first bad wreck which has occurred on the Michigan Central road since 14 years ago Tuesday of last week, when two trains collided in the same yard at Jackson and 15 persons were killed and 35 injured.

The America's Cup

Will Remain With us Another Year, the Vigilant Having Won the Third Race from the Valkyrie.

The closest, fastest and most exciting race ever sailed for the possession of the America's cup was won Friday by the Vigilant in a half gale of wind. The Valkyrie was only 40 seconds behind after the deduction of time allowance of one minute and 33 seconds. Before the race a ton of lead was placed on the Valkyrie's keel. This result of the third and last of the series of races on Lord Dunraven's challenge settles the fact that the most famous racing trophy in the world remains in the keeping of the New York Yacht club for another year at least. The race was sailed from Sandy Hook lightship east 15 miles and return in half a gale, or a wind of 20 to 25 miles an hour. On the run out the Vigilant was beaten by two minutes, but this lead was overcome on the last 15 miles. When a distance of 15 miles was left the Valkyrie split her spinnaker and lost time. The Vigilant's time, corrected, was 3h. 24m., and 39s. Her average speed was 8.75 knots.

Disinherited of \$200,000,000.

The Marriage of ex-Senator Fair's Spendthrift Son.

Charles L. Fair, the disowned son of ex-Senator James G. Fair of California, was married Friday at Oakland, Cal., in the presence of a clergyman and two witnesses. Young Fair is the legatee of \$1,000,000 of his mother's estate, and is now disinherited of \$200,000,000 from his father's estate. The ceremony last week was the culmination of a wild career which has forced his father to disown him.

Composer Gounod Is Dead.

Charles Francois Gounod, the composer of many operas, was stricken with palsy at his home in Paris Sunday, and his death took place Tuesday. Gounod was born in 1818, studied at the Paris conservatory under Halévy, and was also instructed in composition by Lesueur and Paer. In 1839 his cantata Ferdinand received the first premium at the institute, and he was allowed to pursue his studies three years at Rome at the expense of the French government. On returning to France he was made a church musical director, adopted the monastic garb and remained in obscurity until 1851, when his first opera, Sappho, was produced. Since then he has written many operas, besides masses, psalms, motets, choruses, etc. The opera Faust, produced in 1858, is his masterpiece. Gounod was a member of the French institute and in 1877 was made commander of the Legion of Honor.

Death of Field Marshal MacMahon.

Field Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, died at Paris Tuesday. His full name was Marie Edme Patrice Maurice MacMahon. He was born in Autun in 1808. His father was a general and peer of France and a personal friend of Charles X. MacMahon received a military education and entered the army at the age of 22. He served in many campaigns and was severely wounded at the siege of Constantine in 1837. Later he became chief commander of the military division of Constantine. He went to the Crimea in 1855 as commander of a division and at the close of the war took his seat in the Senate. Gen. MacMahon took a conspicuous part in the Italian campaign of 1859, received the baton of a marshal and was created Duke of Magenta in commemoration of that victory. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 he was placed in command of the first corps and stationed at Sedanburg. He subsequently became military governor of Paris during the Commune. On the retirement of M. Thiers, May 24, 1873, he accepted the presidency of France. His administration was marked by strong executive ability and an apparent disregard of influence or opposition in the carrying out of his convictions as to the best government for the people and country. He passed a critical period in the history of France, that of her recovery from the fearful struggle with Germany, and brought forth great improvements from most discouraging beginnings and under extraordinary vicissitudes and perplexities. He was a great and brave soldier and an illustrious statesman, whose memory France will ever delight to honor.

The Bombardment in Rio. The New York Herald's Montevideo special says: Further news has been received of the bombardment of Rio by the insurgent fleet. The government forces suffered heavy losses, but the government is suppressing all reports of the casualties. The bombardment was very destructive, and the residents of the city fled in terror. Several of the shells from the insurgent fleet sank in the heart of the city, killing many inhabitants and badly damaging the buildings. The building occupied by the American Bible society was wrecked. Many foreigners were killed and wounded, business was paralyzed, and the streets of the city deserted.

Barrios Dictator—Action of Guatemala's President.

The president of Guatemala has declared himself dictator, dissolved the extra session of congress, assumed control of government and ordered a new election. President Barrios is a nephew of the late President Barrios, the great promoter of a Central American republic. The nephew has worked much to bring about a union of all the petty governments of Central America into one, formed on a plan similar to the United States. His present move is believed to be designed to promote the proposed federation.

\$75,000 for Personal Injuries.

The heaviest verdict for personal damages ever given has been returned in the Wayne county court against the Michigan Central railroad company. It was for \$75,000 in favor of William Lucklin, 7, who had both legs cut off by a Michigan Central train a year ago last April. The boy's foot became caught in the guard rail, and before he could extricate himself the train backed down upon him.

Five Killed by a Dynamite Explosion.

The business portion of Embury, Ill., was wrecked by a premature explosion of dynamite Monday. Five persons were killed and five injured, two of whom cannot live. Two well diggers caused the accident by filling a gas pipe with dynamite and tamping it.

The World's Fair Will Be Kept Open.

It has been decided to keep the World's Fair open after Nov. 1 as long as the weather permits, and as long as the people come in sufficient numbers to make it profitable. Many foreign and American exhibitors will keep their displays intact. In the race for yearling trotters at Nashville, Tenn., Monday Princess Clara was first, with a new world's record for her class of 2:20 1/4.

Houlton, Maine, suffered the worst fire in its history Monday, when Union block, containing several stores, was burned. The loss is about \$50,000.

Three thousand men, women and children, striking operatives from the Olneyville mills, marched through the streets of Providence, R. I., Monday to attend a mass-meeting in music hall.

John Jacob Arnold, cashier of the Merchants' bank at Lockport, N. Y., is a defaulter to the amount of \$100,000, which includes \$30,000 of county funds, \$50,000 of infant funds and several thousand dollars of city funds.

There is an odd case in Nashua, N. H. The Misses Hunt, having given \$50,000 for a town library, want to get the money back again. They declare that the lot selected as a site is not suitable. The question of returning the \$50,000 will be settled in the courts.

Longfellow's First Poem.

The following is told as the true account of how Longfellow's precocious poetic ability was discovered: When the great poet was nine years old, and attended school, his teacher one day asked him to write a composition. Little Henry, like most all school boys, shrank from the undertaking. His teacher said: "You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out of doors, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what it is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to stand near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what it was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allowed Henry for his first undertaking in writing a composition. In a half hour he carried in his work all accomplished neatly, and his teacher said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what the boy had done in so short a time. The composition had been written in a poetic form, and was as follows:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it
And put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his father took it
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both ate down to supper;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

HIS AFFIDAVIT.

It Will Make People Believe His Wonderful Story.

Subscribed to by One of New York's Most Prominent Justices.

Here Is the Whole Matter Exactly as It Happened.

State of New York,) SS.
County of Washington,)

Lucien Rodd of Whitehall, N. Y., being by me duly sworn, deposes and says that some years ago he suffered very greatly with insomnia, nervous prostration and his body was covered with sores, causing him great pain and annoyance. That his head was so covered with sores that he was hardly able to comb or even brush his hair, so great was the pain it occasioned.

That he consulted the local physicians without successful result; that he took quantities of medicine with no benefit whatever; that physicians told him his disease was incurable and he had come to the same conclusion himself and had made up his mind to go to a hospital and await death.

That just about this time he learned about Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which he began to use. That this remedy entirely relieved and cured him, healed and dried up his sores, enabled him to sleep soundly and comfortably and restored him to his ordinary vigor and vitality, in short, made a sound and well man of him so that he was fully able to work at his occupation, and has done so since that time.

That he attributes his recovery to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as it has restored him when everybody and



MR. LUCIEN RODD.

everything else had failed and he had been given over to go to the hospital and die. Mr. Rodd makes this statement voluntarily and cheerfully out of sincere gratitude for what the remedy has wrought for him.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of January, A. D. 1893, and I certify the affiant to be a credible and reliable person whose statements may be accepted with confidence and implicitly relied upon, having known him personally for the last twenty-five years, and that I have no interest, direct or indirect, immediate or remote in this matter.

(SEAL) HON. WILLIAM H. TRUITT, Notary public in and for said county and state, residing at Whitehall, where this deposition was taken and executed.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is purely vegetable and is sold by druggists for \$1. As is proven by the wonderful cure of Mr. Rodd it is the very best medicine possible to take for the blood, nerves, liver, kidneys, etc. It is the discovery and prescription of Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally efficacious in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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ASK GRIGGS & PERRY

THE REAL ESTATE MEN.

ASK who lived. We will tell you. Ask about Jack. What Jack? Who Jack? Go to Phillips' Shop on Flat street and see our Jack. JACK WHO?

WANTED a man in Wilmington to make about \$4 a day at work for us. Can use another in Putney, and want one man in each town to do us. There's millions in it. If you are out of work, and want to earn good pay, come to us and we think that you will agree with us when we say you can no longer talk of hard times.

FOR SALE. The best thing that was ever sold. What is it? Oh, you call and we will tell you. You never saw anything like it. It is what the fellow called his "runt." Hard to beat. GRIGGS & PERRY.

"HELLO, Griggs & Perry what is your telephone number?" Now we will tell you, but it is strictly confidential, so write it on your telephone list and also in your head; 4-5 for Griggs & Perry and 4-5 for Griggs & Perry. Got it? All right. Good bye. GRIGGS & PERRY.

A NICE hill farm of 125 acres; buildings in good condition; 1 1/2 story house of nine rooms; running water to house and barn; will keep 12 head of cattle the year round; also nice sugar orchard. GRIGGS & PERRY.

HERE we have a nice cottage house, very convenient; good barn; running water to each house and barn; land enough for horse and two cows. GRIGGS & PERRY.

FARM and timber lot of 400 acres; 1 1/2 story house; three barns, running water to house and barn; cuts from 15 to 20 tons of hay; one million feet of hard wood lumber, besides a large quantity of spruce and hemlock, near market, \$20 per thousand on stump. A great chance for some smart, young man to make his fortune. Will sell the whole for \$300. GRIGGS & PERRY.

FOR SALE. A good level building lot in Esterville, good location. GRIGGS & PERRY.

WE have a number good business chances for you right here in town. Now don't let them come at once. GRIGGS & PERRY.

WANTED. Two or three small tenements near village. GRIGGS & PERRY.

WANTED. Three hundred cords of wood, sawed and split for stove use. GRIGGS & PERRY.

FOR SALE. Another violin. This one is very old and very valuable. GRIGGS & PERRY.

WANTED. A good smart, American man to work on farm; must be reliable and capable. GRIGGS & PERRY.

WE have several good business chances; one would need about \$5